

See West Society

SATURDAY



VISITOR.

E. CAMERON & L. J. RITCHEY.]

Here shall the Press the People's rights maintain,

Unaw'd by influence, unbribed by gain.

[EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.]

VOL. IV

CITY OF WARSAW, MISSOURI, SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 9, 1848.

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TERMS:

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Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions required, will be continued until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

A liberal deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year. Advertisers by the year will be confined strictly to their business.

Candidates announced for \$3 00.

POETICAL.



From Neil's Saturday Gazette. THE WIFE'S APPEAL.

BY MAUD SUTHERLAND.

Oh, do not leave me here alone!
This world would chill my heart to stone;
So cold, to me, 'twould seem, and drear,
Then do not—do not leave me here.

Not while thy hand I clasp in mine—
Nor while my breath is blent with thine—
Nor while thy head rests on my heart,
Nor will I from thee ever part.

Oh! I would have thee longer stay—
Away, Oh Death! away, away!
Or bear me from my arms asleep,
And leave me here o'er me to weep.

Be his lips to kiss my face
Ere laid within thy cold embrace,
And his the form to kneel and pray
That God will join us far away.

Yes, let his tears so hallowed rest,
Upon this fond and trusting breast,
Like dew upon a flower in bloom,
Until they lay me in the tomb.

Thus would I bid farewell to earth—
To all I've loved e'en from my birth—
Then, like some guiding star above,
I'd smile upon my earthly love.

A JOKE NOT ALL A JOKE.

Since marriage has ceased to be a matter exclusively of contract, as it is still in the East, and among the royalties of Europe, there has always been a difficulty in putting what is emphatically called the question. This difficulty would seem to be somewhat solved, if the following story told by the editor of the Philadelphia City Item, is not a story in both senses. For the sake of those of our readers who may be pondering the point, we trust that it is true, as it establishes a good precedent.

A few nights back, a small party of ladies and gentlemen were laughing over the supposed awkwardness attending a declaration of love, when a gentleman remarked that if he ever offered himself, he would do it in a collected and business like manner.

"For instance," he continued, addressing himself to a lady present, "I would say, Miss S—, I have been two years looking for a wife. I am in receipt of about a thousand dollars a year from my business, which is daily on the increase. Of all the ladies of my acquaintance, I admire you the most; indeed, I love you, and would gladly make you my wife."

"You flatter me by your preference," good humoredly replied Miss S—, "to the surprise of all present: 'I refer you to my father!'"

"Bravo!" exclaimed the gentlemen.

"Well," declared the ladies in chorus.

The lady and gentleman, good reader, were married in October.

"Who is that lovely girl?" exclaimed the waggish Lord Norbury, riding in company with a friend, "Miss Glass," replied the barrister. "Glass!" reiterated the waggish judge, "I should be often intoxicated could I place such a glass to my lips!"

In a letter to the Peace Congress at Brussels, Mr. Cobden estimates the total armed force of Europe, exclusive of National Guards, police &c., at 2,350,000 men, and the total expense at £200,000, sterling per annum.

How to have Good neighbors

AN EXAMPLE FOR THOSE WHO HAVE BAD ONES.

"So you have bought the pleasant farm where Mr. Dalton used to live?" said Mrs. Emery to Mrs. Austin. "It is a pretty place, but after all, I shall not envy you; for there will be the Watsons under your elbow, and worse neighbors you never found. Watson, you know, spends all he can get for liquor, and his wife is little better than himself; indeed, some say if she was the woman she should be, her husband would be a better man. And their children—the pests of the neighborhood, brought up to idleness and mischief, then bid fair to perpetuate their parents' character."

"Poor children," said Mrs. A., mournfully; "what better can we expect of them, than that they will perpetuate their parents' characters, except there be redeeming influences cast around them. Their poor mother has had much to harden heart. She was an orphan cast out on the world in infancy. Her heart never unfolded the buds of its affections, beneath the genial smiles of parental love. Everything in her that was good was checked by the evil influences which surrounded her. How can we expect one to be good and kind, who never knew what kindness was herself? We do not know, Mrs. Emery, what we should be, if our fate had been like hers."

"True, true," replied Mrs. E., "but it does seem as if she might know enough to let her neighbors' property alone; you know they say she will steal."

"She does not know that she should not steal. But you and I ought to thank heaven that strong as we think our principles to be, they have not been tried by temptation such as hers. We do not know what it is to be hungry and cold, and see our little ones shivering around us, crying for bread, while our neighbors have enough and to spare."

"Nery well," said Mrs. Emery, rather indignantly; "we shall see how you like to have your clothes line and your fruit trees robbed every now and then."

"That will be very unpleasant if it occurs," was the quiet reply. "But I believe that society is guilty of a good deal of the mischief it suffers from such persons. They are educated in poverty and vice—no smiles of love fall on their cheerless childhood—no kind voice warns them of the evils which surround their path—no kind hand is extended to raise them up when falling; but they are often repelled with aversion and contempt by those who profess to be Christians and philanthropists."

"You have singular notions, Mrs. Austin," rejoined her friend. "For myself, I confess, I cannot help feeling an aversion to such people, and wishing them as far off as possible."

"We never had bad neighbors," said Mrs. Austin, thoughtfully; "if this feeling cannot be improved, it may be very unpleasant living by them."

A few days after the above conversation, Mr. and Mrs. Austin took possession of their new home. They were humble, unpretending people, but they were Christians, and they had learned to believe in their duty to imitate the example of their master. They were not among those whose sympathies were inactive when excited by miseries which pass before their eyes.

They had entered upon a sphere which was to give a trial to their patience, and an opportunity for the exercise of their Christian benevolence. As soon as they were settled, Mrs. Austin called upon the Watsons. It was not without a feeling of loathing that she entered that ruinous hovel, but she was resolved to get acquainted with them, and if possible, to do them good. The children, poor, little, dirty, half-naked things, ran away to hide when she entered, and Mrs. Watson, with a look of surprise, rose up and offered her a broken chair.

"We have just come into the place," said she, "and as I am anxious to become acquainted with my neighbors, I have taken the liberty to call."

"I am much obliged," said Mrs. Watson. "People seldom take so much notice of us."

Mrs. Austin inquired kindly respecting her health, and found that the poor woman was far from being well. The children began to creep around. She displayed a handful of apples, which she took from her pocket, and they soon gathered around her. She gave each an apple, and patted their curly heads, with kind and gentle words. The little creatures looked wildly at her, as if unable to comprehend the cause of such unworldly kindness.

When the kind lady rose to depart, she asked Mrs. Watson to let Mary, a child of seven years, accompany her home, that she might send her some medicines.

The child sprang forward with a cry of pleasure, and placing her hand in Mrs. Austin's, looked up affectionately in her face; then starting back, she looked at her mother, who she remembered had not given her consent. Mrs. Watson told Mary that she might go, but promised her a whipping if she was not back soon.

Mrs. Austin took the child and departed. It was a cold day in November, and the wind fluttered poor Mary's frock, and blew back the tangled curls from her naked brow. Mrs. Austin tied her handkerchief over her head. "Are not your feet cold?" she said, as she looked down and saw that she had no shoes on.

"Yes ma'am," said Mary; "but mother says we shall get no shoes this winter, for father spends all he can get for drink." They reached home, and Mrs. A. found she had a pair of shoes and a shawl for little Mary, and some medicine for her mother.

The child had never been so happy before as she was when she tripped home that night. She was not only delighted with the presents she had received, but the kind words and kind looks of her friend had fallen like sunshine upon her heart.

When Mr. Austin came home, his wife informed him of the call she had made.

"The situation of the family is truly deplorable," she added; "is there nothing we can do for them?"

"Indeed I do not know," replied her husband.

"If there is, I doubt not you will think of it."

"Watson is terribly besotted; I met him to-night reeling home, probably to abuse his family; and yet they say when he is sober, he is a kind-hearted, peaceable man."

"He has a good trade, and if he could be prevailed upon to work without drinking, he could support his family well. His poor wife seems indolent and hopeless, but if she could see the prospect of better days, she would no doubt do better."

"To be sure," replied Mr. Austin, thoughtfully, "he has a good trade, and was once considered the best workman in town; but he has become so intemperate that none will employ him. I don't know what supports his family; they must often be in a wretched destitution."

"Wretched destitution indeed," exclaimed his wife. "And now I think how we may help them. You know we want some one to work on the house immediately. Employ him, and perhaps by keeping him out of the way of temptation and giving proper encouragement, we may induce him to break off his brutal habits."

"That is a good idea, Jane, and I will see him to-morrow and try to engage him." The next morning the Watsons were not a little surprised to see Mr. Austin enter their dwelling. His heart grew sick at the prospect of sin and misery around him. The shivering children were eagerly pressing around a table on which there was no food except a few potatoes. The father was standing at a shelf preparatory to his morning potations, and Mrs. W. with uncombed hair and dirty face, stood in a menacing attitude, upbraiding him with loud and angry words.

"Good morning Mr. Watson," said he.

"Good morning sir," replied the poor man with a hiccup. "I don't feel well this morning, and was about to take some liquors."

"Don't t'st's them, they will do you no good, and I want to talk with you on business."

Watson looked at him with surprise, and then putting the glass from him, seated himself to hear what he had to say.

"I wish to hire you to work on my house," continued Mr. A. "We have several unfinished rooms, and if you will come, I will pay you at Mr. Frost's store, where you can obtain groceries and clothes for your family."

There was something so different in the kind manner of Mr. Austin from the rude contempt with which he was usually treated, that he felt his heart expand—he again was a man among men.

The bargain was closed, and the next morning, true to his promise, Watson came to his work. He commenced, but his hand was unsteady, and his manner restless. Mr. Austin noticed it, and kept him engaged in cheerful conversation.

Before noon he asked for cider; he was told he could have none, but Mr. Austin sent him a mug of hot ginger beer, which he drank eagerly, for his thirst was intense.

He kept at his work, but evidently suffered much for the want of his accustomed stimulant.

When night came, Mr. A. took him to the store, and paid him for his work in some articles necessary for his family; and with kind, encouraging words, bade him good night. When he got home and exhibited a large salt fish and a bag of

flour, the children shouted for joy. It takes but little to make children happy. Alas! that that little should be denied them. Mrs. Watson's face wore an expression of pleasure quite unusual to her, while she went to prepare supper.

A tear came into the father's eye, as he looked upon his half-naked children, and witnessed the joy which one day's labor had conferred on them. He placed Mary on his knees and kissed her cheek with paternal kindness. His passions had been checked, his better nature was aroused, and he sat thoughtful and silent during the evening. His past life came up before him. He remembered his own hopeless and neglected childhood; for he was a drunkard's child. He saw that the evil habits which he then contracted were working the ruin of himself and family; and the question came home to his heart, whether he should entail a like curse on his posterity and make the little around him outcasts from society like himself. He resolved that for one week at least he would not drink. He lay down on his pillow that night with a feeling of satisfaction that he had not experienced for years.

The next day Mrs. Austin sent for little Mary to come and spend the day with her, and take care of the baby. Poor little Mary! she was not pretty. How could she be, with that cold hungry look, and those dirty rags about her? She was not good; for she had seen nothing but evil all her days. The air she breathed in the cradle was polluted with the breath of drunkenness and blasphemy. Yet to Mrs. Austin she was an interesting child; for she was gentle and affectionate, and her little shut-up heart seemed to open and expand, when a smile of love fell on it, as the convolvulus unfolds its blossoms to the rays of the rising sun.

Mrs. Austin washed her face and combed her hair. She had pretty, yellow curls, and a very fair complexion, and the kind lady putting on her clean apron, thought her really beautiful. The wo-begone expression had vanished from her pale face, and her blue eyes sparkled with delight. She seemed for the first time to enjoy that buoyancy of spirit which belongs to childhood. All day long she was as busy as a bee, and when night came and her father's work was done, she went in to Mrs. Austin to have the apron taken off.

"Would you like to keep it?" said the lady.

"Oh, yes, ma'am," said the child, a tear coming into her eye. "I should like to keep it very much, but it is not mine."

"You may keep it then, dear, and be sure it is kept clean."

Sweet and happy were her thoughts that night as she tripped home by her father's side, and when she lay down on her lone bed, a princess might have envied her the beautiful dreams that filled her little head. Thus day after day passed—the work on Mr. Austin's house went on, and no less visible was the transformation that was taking place among the Watsons. The children were soon comfortably clad; they prattled all day of "good Mr. and Mrs. Austin," and when their father returned from his work at night, they would all run to welcome him with their kisses, and tell him of their happiness. The heart of the poor drunkard was softened and strengthened—his resolution was taken—and each day's labor and joy confirmed him in his new life. His wife was now all cheerfulness and love, and rapidly regained her health. Their home soon became as neat and tidy as any of their neighbors'; and where before dwelt only poverty and wretchedness, now plenty and pleasure prevailed.

Mr. Austin continued to employ his neighbor until he heard of a person who required assistance in his business. Mr. A. recommended Watson as a good workman, and as a man whom he believed to be wholly reformed. The builder was satisfied, and offered to employ him for several months.

The offer was received with joy, and the reformed inebriate was again placed under circumstances favorable to his good purposes; and not long after, he was induced to join a temperance society, of which he has ever since been a respectable member.

A year has passed away since the commencement of our story, and Mrs. Emery came one day to visit her friend, Mrs. Austin. In the course of the afternoon a well-dressed and decent-looking woman came in, leading a little child. Great was the surprise of Mrs. Emery, on being introduced to this woman, to find that she was no other than Mrs. Watson. When she arose to depart, Mrs. Austin said to her:

"If you can spare little Mary, I wish you would send her here this afternoon, I want her to help me."

"Yes, indeed," was the reply. "Mary shall come, for she is never so happy as when she is here."

When she was gone, Mrs. A. said to

her friend, "You remember your fears that we should have a good deal of trouble with these Watsons; but there is not a family in the neighborhood who have afforded us more pleasure."

"This is strange, indeed. Mrs. Watson is so changed that I did not recognize her. I am sure I should have known her in her former rags and dirt."

"The whole family are changed, since Watson left off drinking. They are industrious and honest as any people among us; but you will soon see little Mary, who is one of the sweetest children in the world."

"But tell me," said Mrs. Emery, "what has brought this mighty change to pass? Are you the magician whose magic wand has brought about this great revolution?"

"I believe there has been no magic employed," said Mrs. Austin, smiling. "We have given them little except kind words and a good deal of kind advice."

"Well," said Mrs. Emery, "you never had bad neighbors, and I don't believe you ever will have, if you have made good neighbors of the Watsons."

"All hail to pure cold water, That bright rich gem from heaven; And praise to the Creator. For such a blessing given! And since it comes in fullness, We'll prize it still the more; For life, and health and gladness, It speeds the wide earth o'er."

What is there in nature so beautiful as water? In the form of genial spring showers, that fertilize and render fruitful the earth—in the opening flower beds—in rivulets—in spring streams—in cascades—and in the delicate tear drop that moistens the cheek of woman, how beautiful is this agent, every where so abundant—pure, simple water!

The earth becomes dry and parched; flowers cease to put forth their blossoms; the trees yield no fruit; the grass withers, and the plain becomes dusty. At length, after many days, the clouds begin to gather; the lambs are heard bleating on the hills; the cows gambol, and the fowls prepare their feathers. The showers oil fresh and genial, descend, and nature, as with one uphited voice, praises that Being who sends the rain.

LATE HOURS.—All animals, except those that prow at night, retire to rest soon after the sun goes down; from which we may conclude that Nature intended that the human species should follow their example. It is from the early hours of sleep, which are the most sweet, and refreshing, that the re-accumulation of muscular energy and bodily strength takes place, as well as of that due excitability in the brain indispensable to the operation of our working hours. Sleep has been called the "chief nourish in life's feast," but how few find it such! In order that sleep may be refreshing, it is necessary to take sufficient exercise in the open air during the day, to take a light supper, or none at all, avoiding tea or coffee late in the evening, to sleep on a hair mattress, with a light covering of bed clothes, in a room freely ventilated.

IT WON'T DO.

It won't do for a politician to imagine himself elected to the gubernatorial chair, while the "back counties" remain to be heard from."

It won't do to pop the question more than a dozen times after the lady has said "No!"

It won't do to extol the beauty of a lady's hair, until you know whether it did not once belong to another lady's head.

It won't do to be desperately enamored of a pretty face till you have seen it at the breakfast table.

It won't do for a man to bump his head against a stone post, unless he conscientiously believes that his head is the hardest.

STRINGY CABBAGE.

The Boston Post has the following good joke of a "hard case" who was accustomed to coming home late at night in a "corned" state, and taking a cold bite, which was usually set out for him by his kind and forgiving wife.

One night, besides the usual dish of cabbage and pork, she left a washbowl filled with caps in starch. The lamp had long been extinguished, when the staggering sot returned home, and by mistake when proceeding to satisfy his hunger, he stuck his fork into the wrong dish. He worked away at his mouthful of caps very patiently for some time, but being unable to manage them, he sung out to his wife.

"Old woman, where did you get your cabbages?—they are so stringy, I can't chew them!"

"My gracious," replied the good lady, "if the stupid fellow aint eating all my caps that I put in starch over night!"

From the Model American Courier. SHE SLEEPS IN BEAUTY.

BY ISAAC WAYNE OLWINE.

She sleeps in beauty—like a lake
With ne'er a rippling wave;
She sleeps in beauty—like a rose
That's fallen o'er a grave.

She sleeps in beauty—like the moon
That quits the pearly dome;
She sleeps in beauty—like a dream
Of joy, and hope, and home.

She sleeps in beauty—like a dove
That's found a long lost mate;
She sleeps in beauty—like a sprite
That's free from earthly hate.

She sleeps in beauty—like a song
Whose words are lost and fled;
She sleeps in beauty—like a bluish
That deck'd a fair one dead.

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